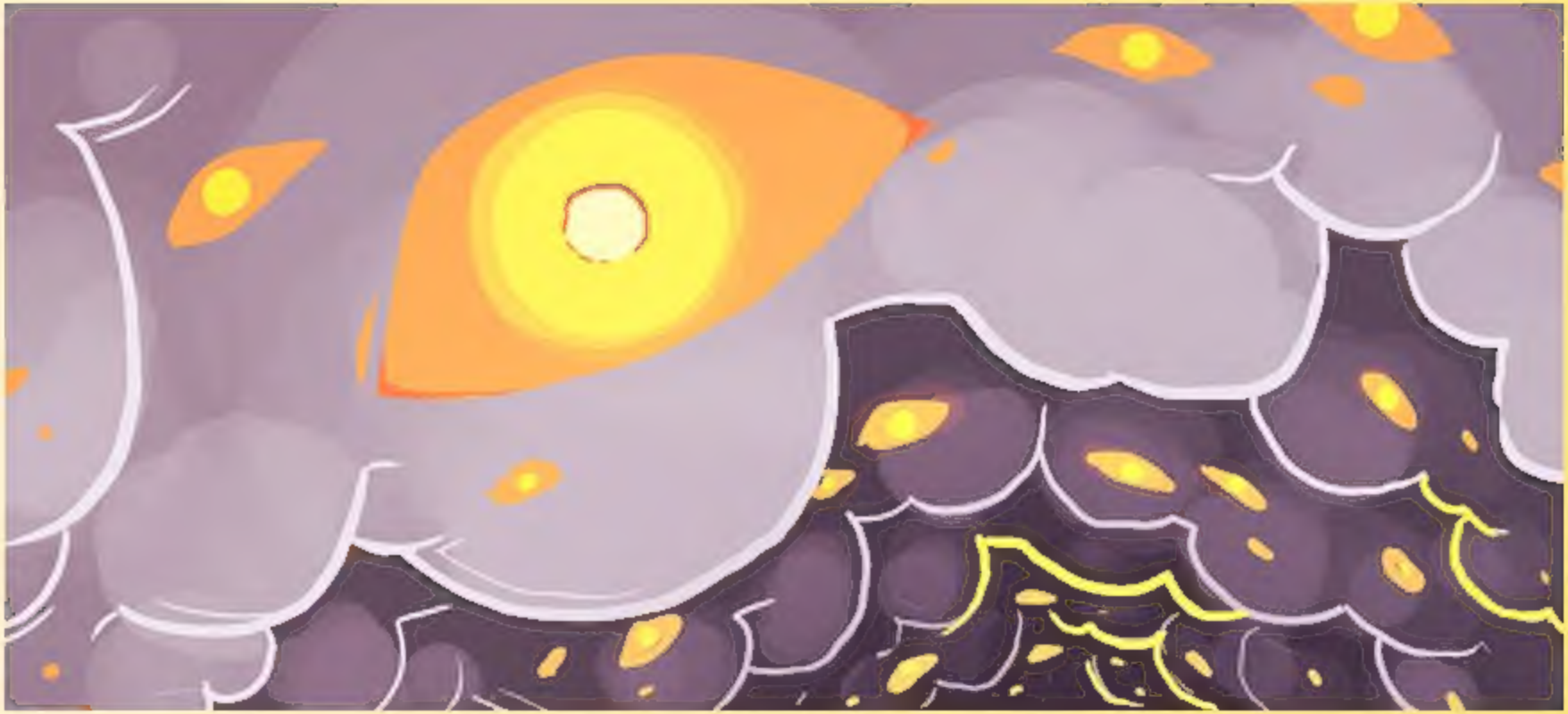
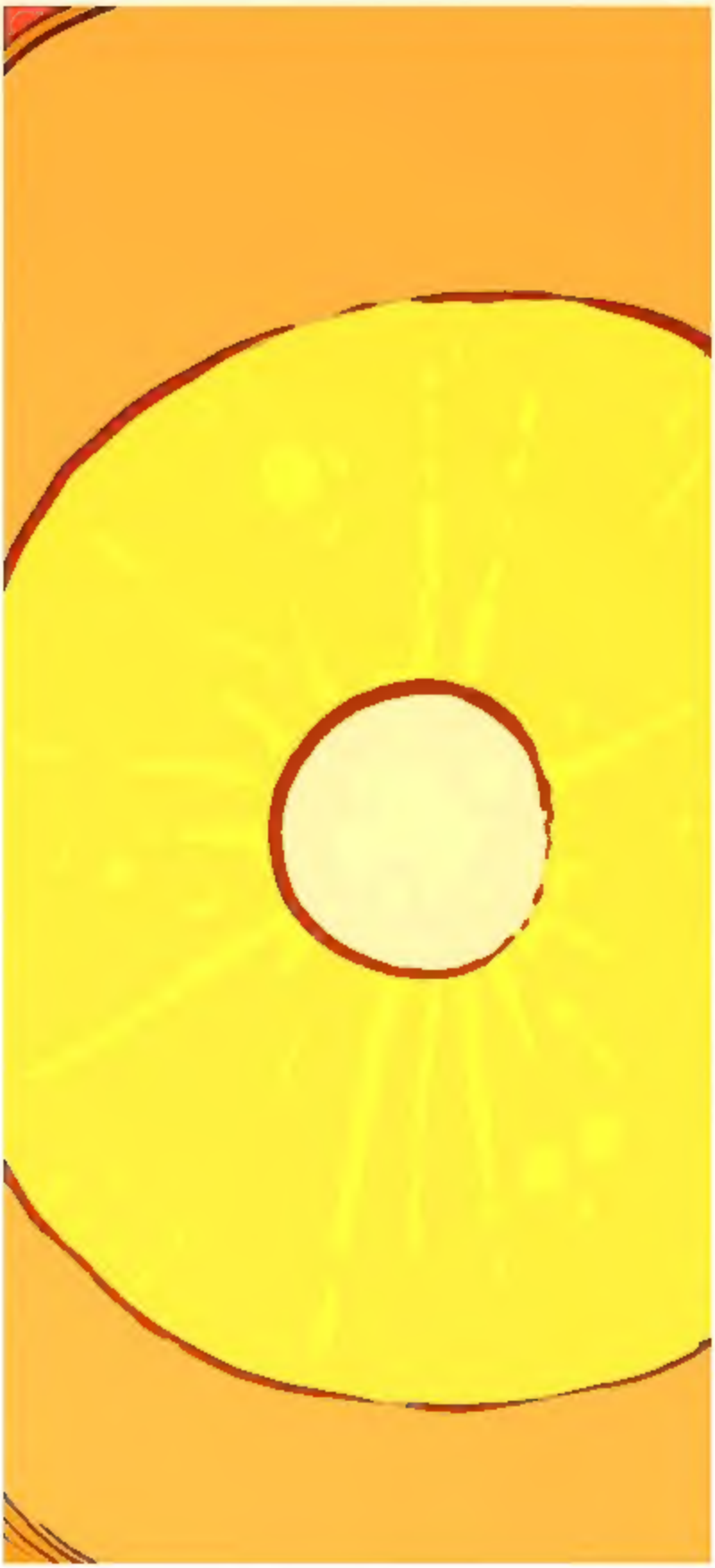
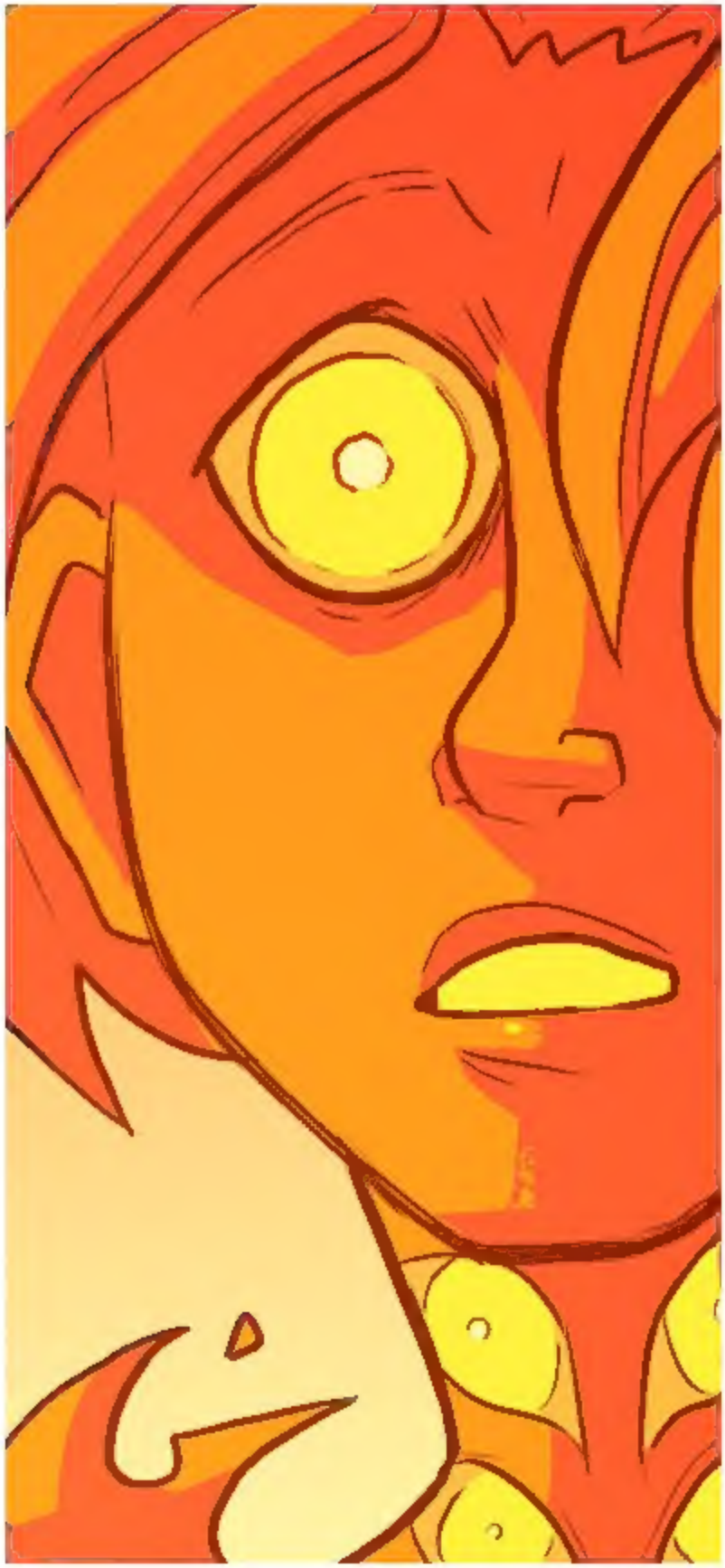
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BEN FLEUTER







Ah... Harbinger.
Alas, that you and I were fated to reconvene in the eleventh hour.

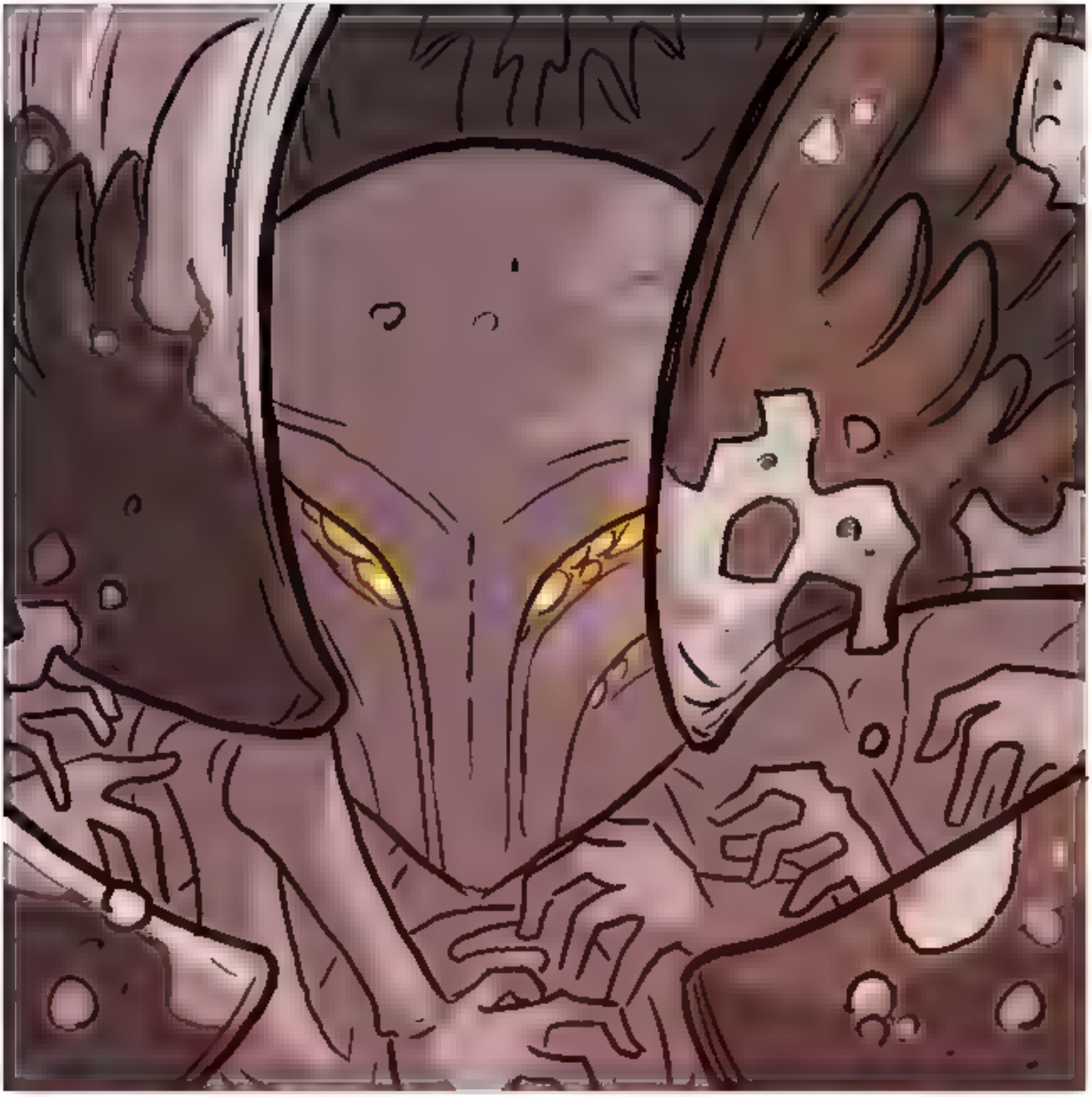
Here at the end of it all.

Do not... call me Harbinger. My name is... My name...
What was it?
What is happening?!

Your mortal vessel was killed. Your golden soul has returned home.
No, my home is... it's something else.
Takeout food. A blue carriage. Something Verdant.

Hm... that you remember even that much is...
Ah, it matters not.

I am seeing your task tended to.

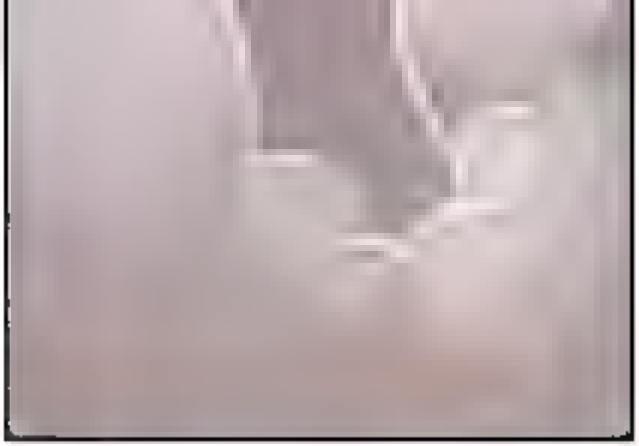


Your muddled role in this sorry tale is over.

Famorian... What have you done..?
Only I... No. The Harbinger. only the *Harbinger* may unleath her kin.
O Conqueror Worm, in the whole of creation only you may release the entire Celestial Host *at once*.

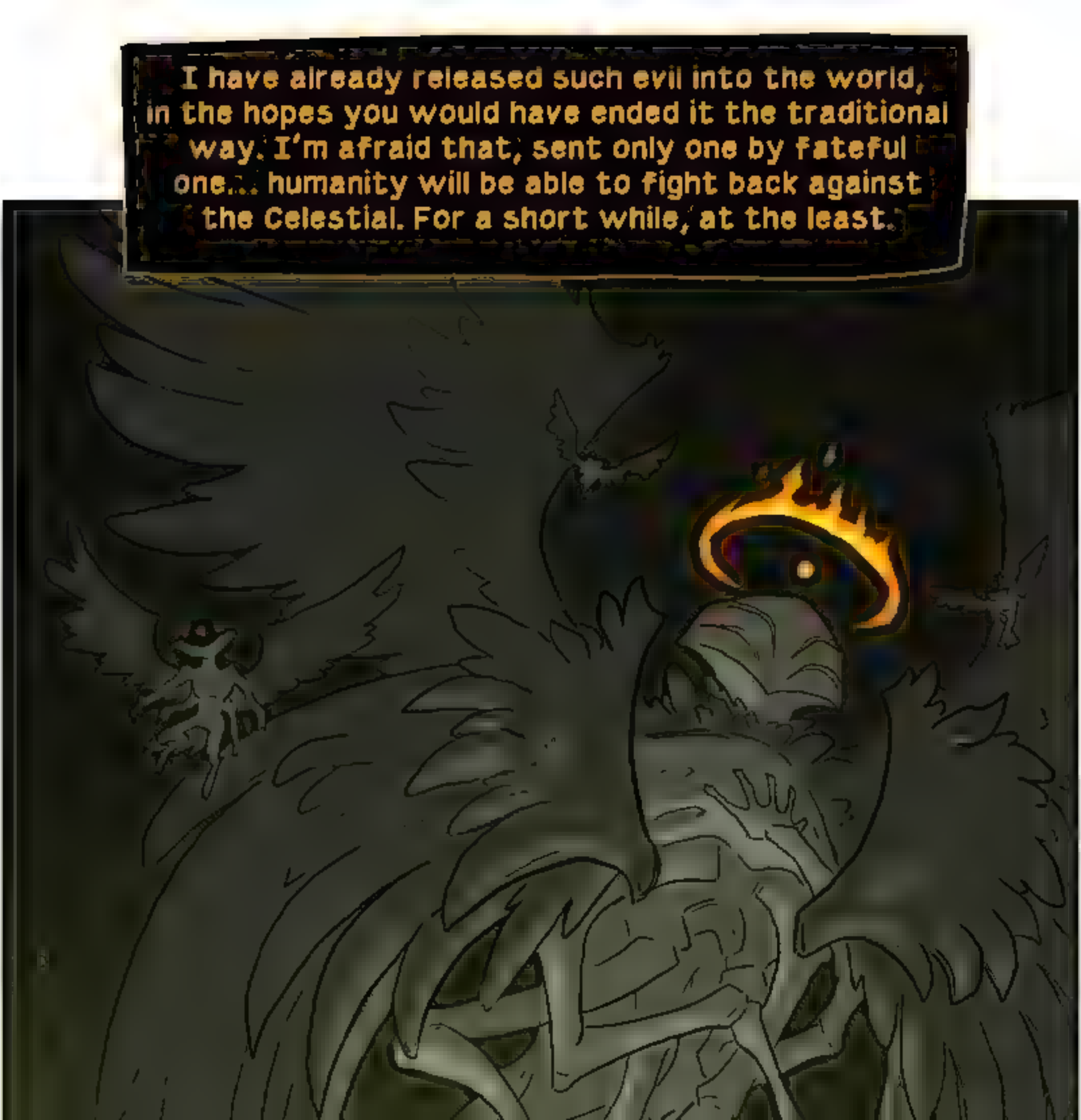
My authority, it is but a candle against all the light of the sun.

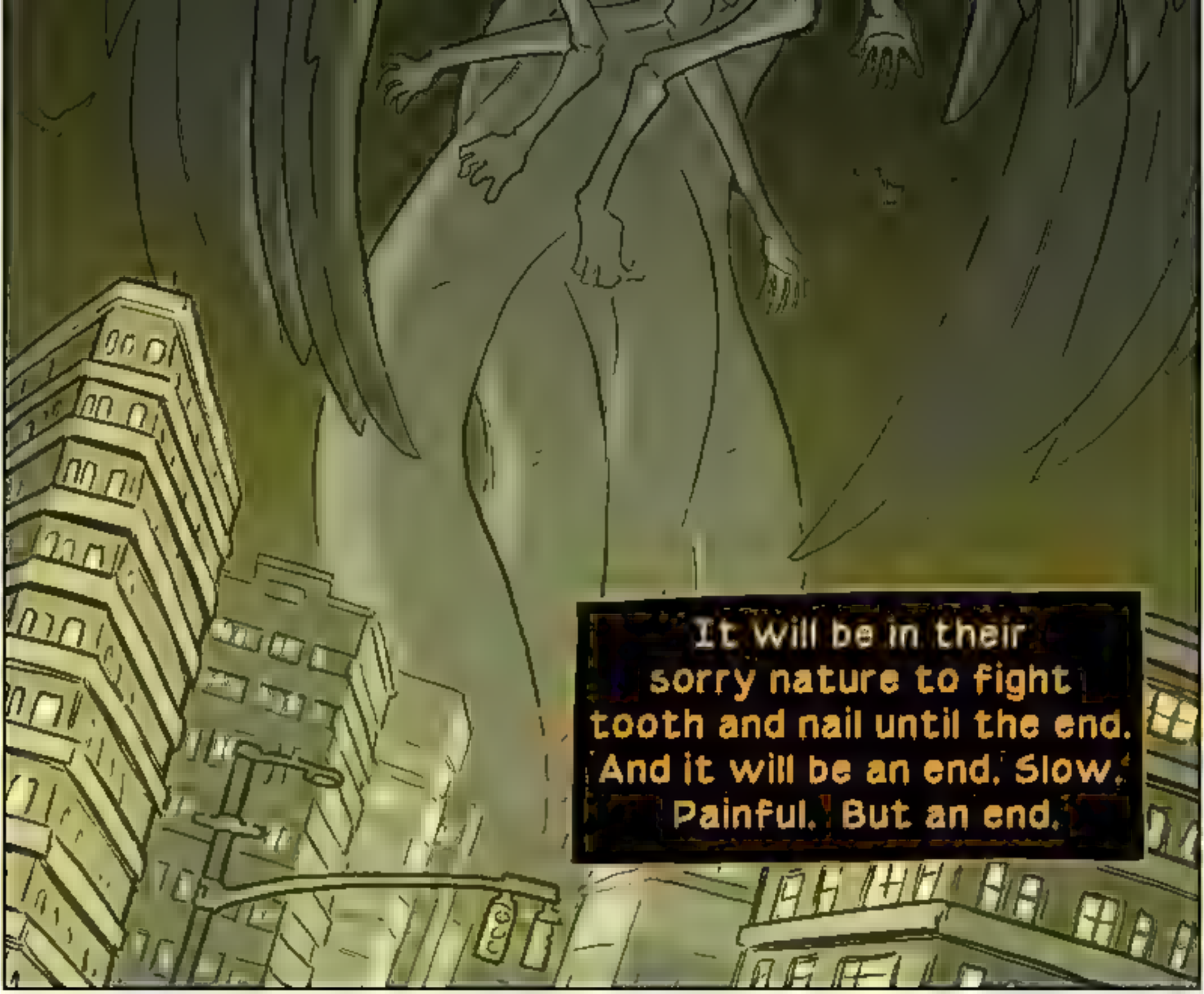
But that candle, it burns bright enough.



Just bright enough.

This is not the end I wanted. Were that so, I would have enacted it lifetimes ago. Yet we can not wait on your next incarnation.


I have already released such evil into the world, in the hopes you would have ended it the traditional way. I'm afraid that, sent only one by fateful one... humanity will be able to fight back against the Celestial. For a short while, at the least.


It will be in their sorry nature to fight tooth and nail until the end. And it will be an end. Slow. Painful. But an end.

The cycle that I myself disrupted... I will set it back in motion.

You will not be called upon again until the world to come surpasses its zenith.

Until then, you may rest.

We may both... finally... rest...

No.

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